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would have stunned me with descriptions of the fashion. At length we set off ; my cousin was very anxious to know how I had spent the time which she had been obliged to give courageously to etiquette, and which I should have lost as she did, had I not chosen some character. I wished to laugh at ease at my little adventure and communicate to her my observations. This little journey may be considered by many people as a flight of imagination, and I confess it would not become many young girls to make similar excursions ; but I do not think any one can blame those who should make them through motives such as mine."

Mademoiselle Philion was indebted to nature for the most happy dispositions ; and she had so well cultivated them, that at eighteen years of age she wrote deeply meditated reflections on the most abstruse subjects. But what rendered her still more esti-

mable, was her extreme modesty, and an absolute dislike to every pretension to genius. The more she wrote in silence and obscurity, the more her thoughts are the expression of her heart. Speaking of the writings which she composed when a girl, she says : " I have a pretty large packet of my writings, piled up in a dusty corner of my library, or perhaps in a garret ; never had I the slightest intention of one day becoming an author. I perceived early in life, that a woman who gained this title, lost a great deal more than she acquired. The men ridicule her ; and her own sex criticise her ; if her works be bad, they join in laughing at her ; if good, her right to them is disputed." Madame Roland wrote nothing for the press, but the Memoirs she composed during her imprisonment, and this was solely to repel the calumny that pursued her.

To be Continued.

DETACHED ANECDOTE.

NO FLATTERY TO KINGS, OR A CONTRAST TO JUBILEE SERMONS.
D'ALEMBERT, in his Select Eulogies, remarks that the most eloquent address ever delivered to Louis XIV. was that of a religious mission-

ary, who on his first appearance before the king, thus began his discourse : " Sire, I mean not to pay a compliment to your majesty, *for I have found none in the gospel.*"

ORIGINAL POETRY.

VERSES,
 ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS PHELPS,
 MOYALLEN, FEB. 4, 1810.
 THY sun is set, oh Phelps !
 The mournful night is come,
 The curtains of darkness have closed ;
 And never again on the earth,
 Shall the living terrestrial form,
 That embodied thy virtues appear.
 The willow bends its branches o'er the
 stream ;
 Their drooping weight has sunk the weep-
 ing leaves,
 Till buried in the wave, they lowly lie.
 A double horror seems to spread around
 The cypress' solemn shade ;
 The yew-tree darker looks,
 BELFAST MAG. NO. XX.

And frowns more awful o'er the silent
 tombs.
 For, brighter glories beam'd,
 In heaven's ethereal way,
 Thou oft have bless'd a mortal sight,
 When thy broad sun went down !
 Alas ! and is it gone ?
 Did Ariel's angel-form
 Speed to the west and guide its glowing
 car ?
 For surely no glory of mortals,
 Could stream such a radiance around—
 Yes—winged as a seraph he flew ;
 Celestial glory beam'd
 A dazzling splendour round his head ;
 In his own flaming car,
 Rolling on wheels of gold,